The Liberalist

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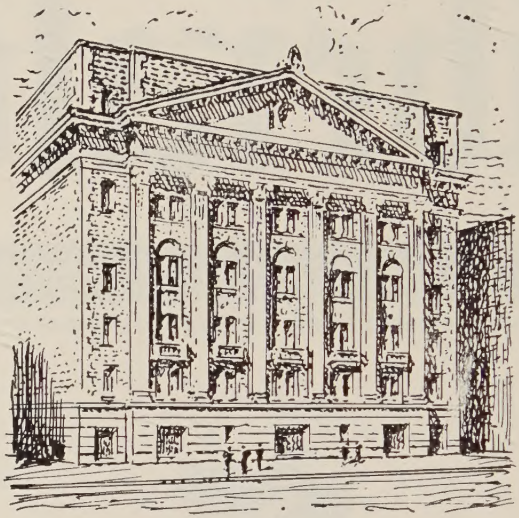
O Mothers Of The Human Race

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Who, in the birthing of our breath,
The uttermost of suffering face,
  And touch the very hem of death,
Will you not mother all mankind
Into one all-maternal mind?

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Whose milk is universal bread,
As all-sustaining as the grace
  Of the heart's universal red,
Will you not feed us with the food
Of love for all the human brood?

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Protectors of our infant years,
Who wooed us to our first embrace,
  And taught us laughter out of tears
Teach us the gesture and the glee
Of the world-love that is to be.

—ROBERT WHITAKER



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925 Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Monday, March 27th.

THE first day of Holy Week! This week will be my busiest week in the church year, but I always look forward to it with pleasant anticipation. Holy Week comes early this year which always brings some anxiety as to what the weather will be like. The weather today was very unruly and unkind. Late this afternoon there were high winds which did a great deal of damage around the city.

We opened our 35th season of Holy Week services in the heart of Chicago's loop at noon today. I decided some weeks ago to devote the entire week to the Sermon on the Mount. If the attendance at our opening meeting today is any indication of interest in the world's greatest sermon, I have made no mistake in selecting my subject for the week. We had the largest congregation for the opening day of Holy Week in my memory. We meet in the Erlanger Theatre, which is located conveniently to everyone in the loop.

I think one of the reasons for the continuing interest in the Holy Week noonday services is that many radio friends who never visit the church on Sunday, but who listen to the services, avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the loop services. After every service I meet many radio listeners, some coming for the first time and others constant in their attendance over the years.

I am asked frequently by my ultra-orthodox and fundamentalist friends why a liberal church and a liberal minister observe Holy Week. I have long believed that no church has any cance of Holy Week. There are more people in the city of Chicago who never attend any service, Catholic, mortgage on the meaning and signifi- Jewish or Protestant, than there are who attend church services; and I have long felt that those who are churchless ought to have an opportunity of sharing in the spiritual significance of Holy Week and Easter, even though they do not have any ecclesiastical or credal loyalty. My justification for this position is realized in the response which we have had for 35 years of these Holy Week services. The services are only of 30 minutes duration, consist of a brief opening reading, a prayer, a musical selection, an address and a concluding benediction. Members of our chorus choir, with Mrs. Cathryn Bennett at the organ, furnish the musical program for the week and they do it most willingly and acceptably.

Today has been an interesting day, for we had a meeting this afternoon of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library and finally decided to build a new Lincoln Park Branch of the Chicago Public Library. I have been greatly interested in this branch, as it is in the community in which I live. There was some discussion by the members of the Board about the location. This is always a difficult and an important matter concerning a new branch of the public library. It looks now as though McCormick Seminary is going to donate a part of their campus for the new building. This, however, has not been decided.

In spite of the busy day, I attended a meeting of the Midland Authors Club tonight, because I wanted to hear

Ralph Newman's fine paper on the Civil War. Mr. Ralph Newman is one of the best-known scholars on the Civil War period. He is a warm personal friend and has contributed much to a better understanding of the Civil War. As proprietor of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop here in Chicago, his influence has been extensive and significant. His paper tonight was exceptional. I wish it might be read to every class in United States History in the high schools of this country. I told him after the reading of the paper that I hoped it would be published in a brochure, and made available. As time passes we are getting a better perspective of the Civil War and many of the old notions about it are justly evaporating.

Tuesday, March 28th.

It is still winter, and much colder today, but even so the attendance at our Holy Week noon meeting at the Erlanger was most encouraging. I am taking the Sermon on the Mount and devoting each day to some simple emphasis. Yesterday I spoke on the man and today on the message. It is difficult to speak on the message of the Sermon on the Mount in the limited time which I have at this noonday meeting, but it is also a challenge to me. If one has an hour to speak the preparation is not too difficult, but if one has 15 or 20 minutes it is much more difficult and requires much more time in preparation. When I first started my ministry years ago I used to preach an hour. Our services then were an hour and a half in length. That time has passed and in the interest of better speaking, I think it is good that it has passed.

This afternoon I made some records for my morning program over WFMF; then I had a wedding and on to the award dinner meeting of the Friends of Literature in the Field Building. This award dinner meeting is always a long and difficult affair. The award committee and the advisory committee of the Friends of Literature meet together to decide on what awards shall be made at the annual Shakespeare dinner. Every member of the committee has their own book or person who, they feel, is entitled to an award. The personnel of the committee is such that one must respect their opinions and decisions. When people like Fanny Butcher, the distinguished literary critic of the Chicago Tribune; Mr. Van Allen Bradley, the literary editor and member of the editorial department of the Chicago Daily News; Professor Hungerford of Northwestern University and others of similar qualifications meet together, it is a stimulating event. After a long evening of discussion, which included not a little argument, the decisions were made. I cannot mention them here because they are not to be revealed until the Annual Shakespeare Dinner, which will be held April 22nd.

Wednesday, March 29th.

The largest audience of the week was at the Erlanger Theatre at noon today. Evidently the Sermon on the Mount still has interest and appeal for people. Tonight we open our evening Lenten Holy Week services in the church. There is a Wednesday evening tradition in our church for book lectures because of the book lectures which are held there during the season, so I thought it might be well tonight to discuss the new version of the English Bible. This I did.

There has been a great deal of publicity about the New English Bible and apparently people are tremendously interested in it. I enjoyed lecturing on it tonight even though I am not quite certain in my own mind about the

book. It represents thirteen years of intensive work on the part of Biblical scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. Only the New Testament is available. They are working on the Old Testament, which I am told we may not see for perhaps ten years. Tonight I read extracts from the other versions of the Bible and then read from the New English Bible. I thought in this manner the people would be able to see the difference in the texts. I have been reading the reviews of the New English Bible in the London Literary Times and also the New York Times and in the Chicago Tribune Book Section and there is a great diversity of opinion. I know that the effort was made on the part of the translators to give, in the new translation, a simplicity which would eliminate many more obscure meanings and words in some of the other versions, but I question seriously whether it will ever take the place of some of the other versions, notably the King James version, in public worship. The old King James version has so endeared itself for nearly 400 years, with its nobility of utterance, its sweep and spaciousness, that it will still be loved and used more universally than any other version or translation. In any event tonight the congregation was greatly interested and I enjoyed lecturing on the book.

Thursday, March 30th.

Another inspiring noonday meeting today in the Erlanger Theatre. The attendance has been picking up all week long, and Thursday and Good Friday are always the most largely attended. Tonight we had our annual Memorial Communion service in the church. I always keep a list of all the funerals, weddings and christenings I have and on this annual Communion Memorial service I read the names of all whose funeral services I have conducted during the year. This year we have had more than a hundred funerals. The reading of the names is always a solemn event, because many of the members of the families attend this service. I spoke briefly on the sacrament of memory. This service is probably the most solemn and impressive service in the entire church year and people frequently speak about it to me at other times during the year.

Friday, March 31st.

Good Friday and the last day of March. Liturgical churches, our Roman Catholic friends, the Lutherans, Episcopalians and others make Good Friday the outstanding occasion in the church calendar. In the loop today the people were waiting in line for four blocks to get into St. Peters Church, not far from where I was preaching. At the Chicago Temple, just a block away, there was also a line waiting to get in. They were holding a three-hour service, with a different speaker for every one of the last words on the cross. At the Chicago Temple more than 1200 churches in the City of Chicago unite for this service. All of the Episcopal churches unite in the Episcopal service, and other groups meeting on Good Friday in the loop are composed of many organizations. It is quite an undertaking for one church and one minister to hold Good Friday services and yet, through the years and including today, the interest of people in a liberal interpretation of the significance of this day gives evidence of increasing from year to year. At the conclusion of the week's series on the Sermon on the Mount today, there were many requests that the sermons be published in pamphlet form. I wish it would be possible to do

this, but inasmuch as I use no notes and they were not stenographically reported it is impossible to put them in printed form. It would require more time than I have available and more work than I care to assume.

We held our impressive Good Friday night service in the church tonight and I read for the 40th Good Friday night the poem "Pilat Remembers." I wish more people knew that poem and that more of the churches would use it. This evening service is always a nostalgic one for me and on returning home tonight I felt grateful for all these years I have had the opportunity of preaching in Chicago's loop, in one of the largest theatres in Chicago. Now we are looking forward to Easter day.

Saturday, April 1st.

Holy Saturday and a good day it seems and many people think it a good day to begin life together, for I have had three weddings this afternoon, all of them lovely, beautiful affairs. Much colder today and it snowed hard. I am going to bed early with a prayer and a hope that my 49th Easter in our church, which comes tomorrow, will be a day of triumph and of beauty.

Easter Sunday, April 2nd.

Yesterday afternoon it snowed and then rained hard most of the night. In spite of the inclement weather our Easter Day in church will be remembered always as one of inspiration and joy. More than 2,000 people were in church today and I have never felt more inspired and encouraged than I do as I write these words tonight just before retiring. The weather cleared this morning, but it was a cold and windy Easter. My 49th Easter with the church I love is over and I am already looking forward to my Golden Jubilee Easter next year. Easter will come much later in 1962 and we hope the weather will be more propitious. To all who have made this such an inspiring and successful year I am grateful tonight. June and I received many beautiful Easter messages and cards and our only regret is that it is physically impossible for us to reply personally to each one, but each one was read and enjoyed. Many radio friends attended today and several States were represented in the congregation and many were present from neighboring cities within driving distance of Chicago. Many came to the services from Milwaukee, from Elgin, one family came from LaPorte, Indiana, and several from Michigan. Let us all look forward to the year ahead with renewed vigor and confidence in the future.

Monday, April 3rd.

I always rest well on the train. I left for Boston today on the New England States Express, a New York Central train. I can make an overnight journey and be much more rested than I can by flying. I fly in an emergency but only in an emergency. I spent a quiet evening reading in the observation car, retired early, still in my heart the glow of Easter Day.

Tuesday, April 4th.

At breakfast this morning I was seated opposite a gentleman who looked familiar to me, but I couldn't quite place him. He turned to me after I was seated and said "You are Dr. Preston Bradley, of Chicago;" and I said "Yes." "Well," he said, "we have met in the past. I am Bishop McPhee of the Methodist Church. I am retired and living in Evanston and hear you frequently." We had a most interesting conversation, most of which was spent in talking about our mutual friend, Bishop William A. Quayle.

Bishop McPhee is the youngest looking man for his age I have ever

seen. He is 83 and could easily be taken for 60. There was not a shadow of pomposity about him. He was dressed casually, with a colorful bow tie and looked much more like a business man who enjoyed life than the usually accepted pattern of a Bishop. I hope to renew our friendship sometime in Evanston. One of the delights of traveling is meeting old friends and making new ones. People interest me more than anything else in my travels.

Boston again! And how I revel in this historic city. I never had stayed at the famous Parker House, but on this trip I thought it was time I did. It is a fine old hotel, and Mr. Leonard Hicks of the Pick-Congress Hotel chain, had arranged with Mr. Morehouse, the manager of the Parker House, in Boston, for a reservation. I talked to Mr. Morehouse and found him to be a delightful gentleman of the old school—a type which is rapidly disappearing in our contemporary life.

Arriving at the hotel this morning, I went into the dining room after being located in my room. Probably the most famous association of the Parker House is the Parker House roll. Now I do not eat rolls and only eat bread in the form of toast. I said, "I must eat a Parker House roll in the Parker House." They still maintain an international reputation for the Parker House roll made in the Parker House kitchen. I will make a confession to you. I not only ate one—I ate two—and they more than lived up to their justified reputation, as being delicious.

My room in the hotel overlooked the historic King's Chapel, which is one of the oldest churches in the United States. Some years ago I spoke in King's Chapel, when the Reverend Palfrey Perkins was the minister, and I shall never forget the experience. My engagements in Boston were such that I could spend some time this afternoon visiting some of the historic places, all of which I have seen many times, but I always visit them with a renewal of appreciation for what they and the people who were a part of them have meant to the development and the preservation of the freedom which I enjoy. Every Spring many of the high schools in America take their senior classes to visit the historic places in Washington and Philadelphia. Not as many visit Boston I am told. This is to be regretted, and while Boston is a long way from Washington, every high school student should have an opportunity to visit it. The points of historical interest are too many for me to mention, but no city in this country has the historical background and the association with the early leadership of our country that Boston has. The City Fathers through the years have preserved most of these historic buildings and, unlike some cities, do not in the name of progress destroy ancient historic landmarks. King's Chapel and its ancient cemetery are in the heart of the city and they never will be disturbed. There isn't money enough in Ft. Knox to do that.

King's Chapel is a Unitarian Church, although it was Church of England originally, and the present minister is the Rev. Robert Raible. I went into the church, which is always open, this morning hoping to see him and was told that his office is on Beacon Street in a lovely old place which is the center of many of the social and functional activities of King's Chapel. I walked up Beacon St. to see him, stopping on the way at the American Unitarian Association headquarters at 25 Beacon St. I visited Robert Raible when he was a student in Meadville Theological School at the University of Chicago. He was a classmate of the

Reverend John McCleery, who is now the minister of the First Non-subscribing Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry, Ireland, whom I often visit and where I often preach. Mr. Raible is meeting the challenge most successfully of that historic pulpit, and with his personality and intellectual adventuresomeness and fine personal qualities, is giving King's Chapel in Boston an inspiring leadership. I enjoyed visiting with him very much and renewing our friendship.

Wednesday, April 5th.

I rode from Boston to New York today on the much criticized and often maligned New Haven & Hartford Railroad. I found no fault with it. The train I was on was most comfortable, the crew were most courteous and, taking the shoreline I enjoyed every mile of the way. I wish I might have left the train at New Haven and visited Yale once again. My memories of Yale University are associated with the great "gloomy dean," Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, for it was at Yale that I heard him give the Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching, when I was a much younger preacher than I am today, and the lectures made a lasting impression upon me.

I had a conference this afternoon in New York with the McGraw-Hill Publishers. They are considering publishing my new book which is to be published next year on my Golden Jubilee. After a most interesting conference with Mr. Robert Gutwillig of McGraw-Hill, he gave me a personally conducted tour over the great institution of McGraw-Hill. You will hear more about my new book in the months ahead.

* * *

The details of our summer plans I will tell you about next month, in the June number.

We are planning some beautiful services before our closing service on June 11th. Two of the Sundays, next to Easter, are our most inspiring Sundays: Mother's Day and Memorial Sunday.

I am grateful for your patience in reading these rambling notes of my daily experiences. They are inadequate and incomplete, but I enjoy sharing them with you.

Keep looking up!

"EASTER FOREVER"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Easter Sunday
April 2, 1961

WHETHER our faith is Roman Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant; whether we are black or white, red or yellow; whatever we are, there is not a single mind that sometime or other does not give consideration to the question: "Is there life after death?" It doesn't matter what your creed, your loyalty, your race, sooner or later you will ask yourself the question: "Is there life after death?" That is the reason Easter concerns every heart. It doesn't belong to any one church or any one creed or any one race or any segment of humanity—it belongs to man! Centuries before Christ ever lived or was born great philosophers like Socrates and Plato were asking the question! Centuries before Plato and Socrates an ancient dramatist was asking the ques-

(*Continued on page* 10)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

There's the mother at the doorway, and the children at the gate,
And the little parlor windows with the curtains white and straight.
There are shaggy asters blooming in the bed that lines the fence,
And the simplest of the blossoms seems of mighty consequence.
Oh, there isn't any mansion underneath God's starry dome
That can rest a weary pilgrim like the little place called home.

Men have sought for gold and silver; men have dreamed at night of fame;
In the heat of youth they've struggled for achievement's honored name;
But the selfish crowns are tinsel, and their shining jewels paste,
And the wine of pomp and glory soon grows bitter to the taste.
For there's never any laughter, howsoever far you roam,
Like the laughter of the loved ones in the happiness of home.

There is nothing so important as the mother's lullabies,
Filled with peace and sweet contentment, when the moon begins to rise—
Nothing real except the beauty and the calm upon her face
And the shouting of the children as they scamper round the place.
For the greatest of man's duties is to keep his loved ones glad
And to have his children glory in the father they have had.

So where'er a man may wander, and whatever be his care,
You'll find his soul still stretching to the home he left somewhere.
You'll find his dreams all tangled up with hollyhocks in bloom,
And the feet of little children that go racing through a room,
With the happy mother smiling as she watches them at play—
These are all in life that matter, when you've stripped the sham away.

(The Path to Home) Edgar A. Guest

EASTER FOREVER

(*Continued from page 8*)

tion, and that drama is so far removed from our contemporary world that no one knows who wrote it; but in the world's greatest drama, which is the drama of Job, you will find that dramatist, centuries and centuries and centuries ago, putting this question in his great play: "If a man die, shall he live again?" That question is the most universal question ever asked by the mind of man. That is why this day concerns us all: whatever our loyalties, whatever our creeds, whatever our dogmas, sooner or later the question knocks at the door of our minds!

There are two ways we can respond to the question. We can treat it nonchalantly, and a great many people do. We can treat it as something that's necessary and inevitable and something we can do nothing about, death, so we shrug our shoulders and say: "A hundred years from now and it won't matter, so what's the use of worrying about death! It's all out of our hands, we have no control over it! We have no capacity for penetrating beyond death!" Mark Twain, the last man we would ever expect to comment upon this matter said one time in one of his brilliant essays, that almost go unread these days: "I have never found one scintilla of evidence that there is life after death, but I'm going to live as though there were!" That was from the mind of a man who was purely mundane in his philosophical effort to solve the question. We can treat it nonchalantly; we can slough it off with a shrug of the shoulders and say: "What does it matter? When you're dead, you're dead, and that's the end of it!" There are a lot of people who try to treat it that way, but they find great difficulty sooner or later because they look into the face of a loved one in the silence of death and then it seems as though it weren't something that could be shrugged off easily at all! Sometime someone they have known and loved and who has been a part of their life is in the silence and the immobility of death: What becomes of your nonchalant attitude then? How do you shrug your shoulders then?

There is the attitude of pure agnosticism that merely says: "I do not know, so I'm not going to let it disturb me! I'm not going to be concerned about this matter of death at all!" Then one day you do become concerned for you revolt against the possibility of some fine mind you know who might have thought great thoughts, might have been imaginative and creative in art, in literature, in poetry, in love, and that great mind, perhaps in youth, has been silenced, and the creativity is dead! Then you are stabbed again with the question, and the injustice, the unfairness of wasting so much fine mind and heart and having it finished so early with something called "death", so you revolt against that, and your nonchalance and your agnosticism fail you! And you're haunted by the failure!

Now there dawns through these experiences the ever-deepening consciousness that the only reality, finally, is the reality of the invisible. George Santayana, one of the most delicate, as he was the most heroic, thinkers of modern times in the realm of philosophy, George Santayana said, just before he died: "I surmise the unending and invincible truth that the soul of man is

indestructible; that man lives when the physical limitations and the barriers and boundary lines of our materialistic concept of life fail us and we see the manifestation of the complete loss and annihilation that this institution of death brings to a personality!" Then what do we discover? We discover that the invisible personality is the surviving personality! Always! I see you, but I do not see you in reality. The invisible part of you is your reality. I see your body; I see your external manifestations; I see your garments, but I don't see your personality! I can look at your person, but no one yet has ever seen personality—personality, that belongs to one of the great invisibles which are imperishable. The great invisibles are imperishable: you never saw love, never in your life, you've only seen the results of it, but you never saw it; you've never seen the wind, there isn't a person alive who ever saw the wind, he only saw the results of the hurricane, but he didn't see the wind! The great values are the invisible values, and these values are not amenable to the mechanisms and materialisms of time, space, consciousness, and science is revealing that truth every time it turns a microscope; every time it looks into a telescope; every time a man flies thirty-one miles into the air; every time a star is born—the power of the invisible is the reality!

We never saw the manifestations of any other truth in the whole Resurrection story of Jesus. I spend not one moment in the area of trying to establish a bare, physical, materialistic manifestation of His body! The Resurrection on Easter which I see is the Resurrection which Mary saw at the tomb when there appeared before her the invisible, perpetual spirit of the Christ and she thought it was a carpenter, or she thought it was a gardener; she didn't know Him, and she never knew who He was by looking at a physical structure, it was only when the intangible, invisibility of the spirit of Christ said: "Mary!"—then she knew! That was the revelation! That is why my belief in immortality was never stronger: The permanency and the endurability of the invisible!

The other evening I had occasion to drive, just as dusk was deepening, on the Outer Drive, and I looked out at this great skyline of the city I love, its buildings gnawing at the sky, the lights twinkling in the offices! I saw those great, magnificent gestures of man's adjustment to his economic needs. I looked at them, but I didn't see them! The reality of those buildings I couldn't see: I couldn't see the dreamer architect who sat at his table before a single stone was laid or a foundation built; I couldn't see the multitude of lives that had gone into the building of those buildings; I couldn't see the invisible things! They were the things that were there: the invisible things! So, to me, is life after death: There is a continuity of the spirit of man by his intellect, his heart, his creativeness, his capacity to love, his appreciation of beauty, his glory at the dawn, and his magnificence, loveliness in the midnight—all of this is the spirit of man, all of it survives any physical condition that man calls "death"! You couldn't keep Christ in a tomb, any more than you could create the sun! This spirit of Christ is the thing that lives! That is the immortality of Easter, not the recital of creeds and dogmas that belong to an outgrown theology and an outgrown age! This is not Easter! Easter is the surmise of the permanency of the invisible—that's the hidden and the deeper truth of this day!

I shall never forget when I sat down by the bedside of Mr. Clarence Dar-

row, who had often stood in this pulpit in the old days and debated and lectured, in our Forum days. Mr. Darrow and I were very good friends. Just a few days before his death I sat by his side at his sickbed at the Plaisance Hotel on the South Side and Clarence Darrow, known as an atheist and agnostic; Clarence Darrow was coming to the very close of the very end; and I said: "Clarence, do you remember the day you spoke at the funeral of Professor George Herman Foster?"

Professor George Herman Foster, one of the great minds of the university, a great heart, had stood in this pulpit many times too. Clarence Darrow spoke at his funeral and Clarence Darrow closed what he had to say with these words: "George Herman Foster is dead. That great mind is finished; he's dead!" and he sat down. He sat only a moment and something impelled him and the great atheist arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen and friends of George Herman Foster, I hope I'm wrong!" What was that speaking to the mind of Darrow: The great hope that death isn't the end, and couldn't be the end and preserve any concept of values! It couldn't be the end! And I say with all my heart and with all my soul and with what little mind I have that you and I live and, because we live now, we shall never die: that the spirit which was you; the love and the friendship, the hope which was yours, are deathless; nothing can happen to them! That, to me, is Easter! "If a man die, shall he live again?" That's the rub: If a man die! So I listen to the words: "Because I live, ye shall live also", and that hope is kept alive in the hearts and minds of men by this day of joy and gladness!

World, oh world, of muddled men,
Seek the peace of God again.

In the humble faith that kneels,
In the hallowed word that heals.

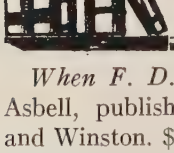
In the courage of a tree,
In the rock's integrity.

In the hill that holds the sky,
The star you pull your heart up by.

In the laughter of a child,
All together undefiled.

In the hope that answers doubt,
Love that drives the darkness out.

Frantic, frightened, foolish men,
Take God by the hand again.



BOOK CHATS

When F. D. R. Died, by Bernard Asbell, published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.00.

IT is just three days after publication (April 10) as I am writing this and I have not yet done more than thumb through the book. The chapter headings are: Do You Believe in Reincarnation?—I Never Believed He'd Die—We've Got Just Fifteen Minutes More—I Knew It Was the Last of Earth—The Amenities Had to be Observed—I'll Be On All The Networks—Is the War Over?—"Flash—F.D.R. Dead"—He Was Just Like a Daddy to Me—They Have Put in a New Man—He Made a Way for Folks—Going Home—And the Government Still Lives—A Very Wretched Day — The Lonesome Train — The Average Man—I Saw Him Real Plain! — The River Road — Appendix — Index. There is also a Prologue.

The author, Bernard Asbell, a frequent contributor to Harper's, The Re-

porter, American Heritage, and other national magazines, traveled thousands of miles and undertook hundreds of interviews to discover, not only what happened on that fateful day, but why what happened became, for so many people, so personal an event.

Those who opposed Roosevelt will see him here, not as a pragmatist and politican, but as a warm and courageous human being, who finally met the one foe he could not defeat.

Those who loved him will find in these pages a poignant reminder of their own anguish at the time of his death.

Just from glancing through the book I find that one point is cleared up for me, as I remember one quite different report in the newspapers from that which appears in Mr. Asbell's account.

This story takes you to a country barbecue in the hills of Georgia, where fifty neighbors waited in vain for their illustrious guest. It takes you to a rustic room at Warm Springs, where the President signed some official papers, posed for a portrait, and then suddenly collapsed — never to gain consciousness again. It takes you to a small bedroom where, attended by a doctor and a few close aids, one of the most commanding figures of this generation lost his hold on life.

You are on the second floor of the White House when Mrs. Roosevelt receives the news. You are in a tiny room at the Capitol when Harry Truman is summoned to accept the most awesome responsibility of his life. You are in the newsrooms when the electrifying flash is transmitted to the world; and with Churchill, General Eisenhower, Joseph Goebbels, and the Japanese Premier when they hear the shocking news.

The book covers local situations, world situations and occurrences in the large cities. It is written in a most intimate and interesting manner.

"At Buckingham Palace, the *Court Circular,* a daily chronicle of the affairs of the royal household, for the first time in its history reported the death of a head of state who was not related to the British ruling family.

"In Central Hall, opposite Westminster Abbey, the Reverend William E. Sangster heard a tap-tapping down the corridor, the cane of ninety-six-year-old Reverend Scott Liggett. Sangster greeted the older man and said, 'This is a very wretched day.'

" 'Indeed,' said the aged clergyman. 'I haven't heard such distressing news since the day President Lincoln was shot.' At the time of the earlier calamity, Liggett was sixteen years old.

"The London bureau of the U.S. Office of War Information received an urgent call from Madame Tussaud's wax museum in Baker Street. They needed a list of measurements of the new American President . . ." including a picture of the back of Mr. Truman's head.

"In the House of Commons the galleries were filled at eleven a.m. Prime Minister Churchill entered the chamber with Anthony Eden, who was about to leave for the funeral in Washington. All the members of the Government wore black ties.

" 'The House will have heard with the deepest sorrow,' Churchill began, his voice shaking noticeably, his enunciation less distinct than usual, 'the grievous news which has come to us from across the Atlantic'—his speech faltered—'which conveys to us the loss of the famous President of the United States whose friendship for the cause of freedom and for the cause of the weak and poor'—here his voice clearly broke—'have won him immortal fame. It is not fitting that we should con-

tinue our work this day. I feel that the House will wish to render its token of respect to the memory of this great departed statesman and war leader by adjourning immediately.'

"Moscow newspapers did something extraordinary—in fact, unprecedented. They printed Roosevelt's picture and the news of his death on the first page. In Russian papers, foreign news always appears on the back pages. This custom had not been broken even to announce the attack on Pearl Harbor or the opening of the second front."

Whatever one's political beliefs, he cannot read this intimate account of Franklin D. Roosevelt's death without being deeply moved.

* * *

The Danube, by Erwin Lessner with the collaboration of Ann M. Lingg Lessner, published by Doubleday & Company, April 7, 1961. $5.95.

Erwin Lessner was born in the tranquil Vienna of 1898, the son of well-to-do parents, and served as an officer of the Austro-Hungarian Army in World War I. After the war he was and remained a newspaper and advertising executive, until the German occupation of 1938. The next few years of his life were a series of harrowing flights and narrow escapes — to Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, Finland, and finally across Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok, whence he made his way to America. Learning English with amazing speed and devoting himself to his first love, history, he soon established a reputation as an authority in his field. Two novels, *Phantom Victory* and *At the Devil's Booth,* dealt with European conflicts, and his *Cradle of Conquerors: Siberia* has become a standard work. He was completing *The Danube* at the time of his death in December 1959. Ann M. Lingg Lessner is the widow of Erwin Lessner, also of Viennese birth and also a writer. She is a contributing editor of Opera News and biographer of John Philip Sousa, Mozart, and Liszt. She recently collaborated with Ruth Slenczynska on *Music at Your Fingertips.*

The young and the old who are interested in history will certainly want to read this book, *The Danube.* The Danube has touched the lives of diverse peoples and nations. Rising at the edge of the Black Forest in Germany, it flows across Germany, Austria, t o u c h i n g Czechoslovakia, crossing Hungary, into Yugoslavia, then across Roumania near the edge of Bulgaria, then across a bit of the U.S.S.R. and into the Black Sea. It has witnessed more of human tragedy, comedy and even farce than any other river in the world.

Erwin Lessner's book is the living picture of the people who have inhabited the Danube region since prehistoric times: the Romans, the Goths, the Huns, the Magyars, the Mongols, the Turks. It is a story of kings and princes, pashas and generals. It is the story of beautiful Vienna. It is also the story of simple farmers, vintners, and shepherds whose peaceful lands have been burned and ravaged countless times over the centuries . . . a story culminating in the incident at Sarajevo that plunged Europe into World War I and brought an end to the 750-year rule of the Hapsburgs.

With the collaboration of his wife, also of Austrian birth, Erwin Lessner, with a native Austrian's affection and a scholar's skill, tells the story in human rather than political terms. However, the facts are all there. We know not only who was emperor or king but what he looked like—and how he felt about his wife, or she about him. It is this unflagging interest in individuals—from the drunken, iron-willed Magyar queen, Sarolta, to

matriarchial Maria Theresa; from barbaric Prince Arpád to the quaking assassin Princip — that makes The Danube outstanding. Here is history that you won't have to memorize, but that you can't forget.

* * *

Galapagos, The Noah's Ark of the Pacific, by Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt, published by Doubleday, $3.95, Mar. 17, 1961.

This book contains a modern scientist's superb observations of the wildlife still inhabiting Darwin's "living laboratory of evolution." There are many photographs in color and in black and white.

Dr. Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt was born in Vienna in 1928 and received a doctorate in zoology from the University of Vienna. For the past ten years he has been associated with the Max Planck Institute in Bavaria, where he engages in various biological and zoological research activities. His scientific expeditions have taken him to numerous areas of the world. As a result of his studies of the Galapagos Islands, a sanctuary and zoological station have at last been established there to preserve and further the knowledge of the rare and instructive wildlife.

The Galapagos Islands lie off the Pacific Coast of South America, and because they are inhabited by wondrous and unique varieties of animals, birds and fish, they are one of the last Edens for the natural scientist. Charles Darwin, who recorded his visit there in *The Voyage of the Beagle,* described the islands as "the living laboratory of evolution."

In the present book, the author, a skin-diving young scientist, fills in the truly melodramatic history of the islands, and tells of his own personal experiences and observations on two trips he made there: the first in 1954; the second, accompanied by two Life photographers, in 1957. His descriptions of the various animals and their habits — the wedding dance of the albatross; the curious grooming chores performed by certain kinds of fish; the courting behavior of the land iguana and of the colorful frigate birds — are striking and extremely entertaining.

Galapagos is actually full of odd and fascinating facts and details — for instance, the birds have practically given up flying since they have no need to escape predators; the albatross, with a wing span of up to eight feet, flies on wind currents and is literally grounded if it's a calm day; the fish in remote crater lakes arrive there by cadging a ride under the feathers of ducks; and the symbolic feeding that is a courtship ritual for many of the animals may well be the primitive origin of the human kiss.

In an engaging style, Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt recounts his often curious encounters with these animals, which are extraordinarily tame because so seldom disturbed by man. And the photographs are as unusual and vivid as the text. Here is a sound and humane as well as marvelously illuminating work of natural history.

* * *

Once in a great while a person who is always busy, like the writer, feels the need for the relaxation of entertainment. The other evening I had picked up a little book, that inviting size, 218 pages, with an intriguing illustration on the cover, of a big grey elephant, head-on out of the picture, mounted by a man in Western dress, with a handmade sunshade of enormous leaves being held in one hand and a palm-leaf fan in the other. Title, *Mister Moses,* by Max Catto, published by William Morrow & Co. $3.50. The description on the flyleaf sounded inviting if one wanted enter-

tainment. I finished the book at 12:30 past midnight, eyes tired, but I certainly had been entertained. Nothing would have kept me from finishing that book at one sitting. There are a very few rough passages in it, but mostly these are left with blanks for one to fill in, if so desired; but for delightful entertainment, taking one entirely out of his environment (unless he lives in Africa), one should read this book.

The characterizations are excellent; the little devoted priest, the not very courageous District Officer, whose business it is to move a tribe of Africans from the valley where a new dam has been constructed, a valley soon to be flooded so that it is necessary to move this tribe to new territory provided by the French government. The simple Africans are difficult to move from their home ground. Providentially, a purveyor of patent medicines, who has been badly beaten and banished from Ubangi, arrives down the river and because his name is Moses (Dr. Joe Moses) he becomes hopelessly involved in the migration problem. The natives decide he is their Moses, who will lead them to the Promised Land. No one except the natives will trust him; the priest feels the whole idea is sacriligious and Dr. Moses has no desire to become involved. The District Officer finally, in desperation over his own plight and his responsibility to the government, uses a very powerful persuasive argument and the caravan proceeds. This forty-day trek is fraught with danger, adventure, many seemingly insurmountable obstacles, excitement and hilarity. Joe Moses and Emily surmount them all, even to subduing the nurse Agnes. Dear old Emily, the elephant, who loves the redoubtable Dr. Moses, steals many a delightful moment in this adventurous tale. Dr. Moses certainly proves his own philosophy: "Man's natural force is his tongue. You can shove a mule to water and get nothing but a hernia — ten sweet words will coax it along."

The Following New Members were Publicly Received Into The Peoples Church Easter Sunday, April 2, 1961

Miss Eleanor Alcantara,
4643 Broadway, Chicago 40

Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler,
1334 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.
(From North Community Church)

Mr. Clyde Bassler,
1334 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.
(From North Community Church)

Mr. Albert Rowland Bassler,
1334 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.
(From North Community Church)

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brandt,
4905 Glenwood Ave., Chicago 40

Miss Marian W. Brown,
6511 S. Parkway Ave., Chicago 37

Miss Sidnai Doty,
5942 S. Ada St., Chicago 36

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Easton,
916 Dakin St., Chicago 13

Mr. Alfred Eversberg,
201 E. Ontario St., Chicago 11

Mrs. Remore J. Gnatt,
4837 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago 40

Miss Doris L. Gnatt,
4837 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago 40

Mrs. Henry F. Hawkins,
2045 Bradley Pl., Chicago 18
(From First Universalist Church of Elgin, Ill.)

Mrs. Hedwig Johnson,
2706 N. New England Ave., Chicago 35

Miss Marion Johnson,
2706 N. New England Ave., Chicago 35

Mr. Irven Kaney,
Woodside Drive, Freeport, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar McCullough,
1160 N. Sedgwick St., Chicago 10

Mrs. Marge Morgan,
5009 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago 40

Mr. Ronald Neubauer,
5318 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30

Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Pickell,
1006 W. Belden St., Chicago 14

Mrs. James P. Prindle,
340 N. Washington St., Batavia, Ill.

Mr. Wm. E. Rentschler,
630 S. Michigan St., Plymouth, Ind.

Mr. David Edward Riley,
3548 N. Leavitt St., Chicago 18

Mr. George Secor,
5105 N. Hamlin Ave., Chicago 25

Mrs. Lucille Strohm,
1443 Winona Ave., Chicago 40

Miss Alma Tanner,
4543 N. Racine Ave., Chicago 40

Mr. Gayle Wood,
617 Drummond Pl., Chicago 14

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

LAST summer quite a few of our church members went to Linden, Michigan, to the Centennial celebrated by the Linden Presbyterian Church where Dr. Bradley attended as a boy. Dr. Bradley preached the Centennial Sermon. We visited the cemetery where Dr. Bradley's loved ones are buried and saw quite a bit of the town, including the old mill site.

Recently a letter came from Mrs. Russell Judson, Dr. Bradley's sister who lives in the house in Linden where both she and Dr. Bradley were born, telling about the progress being made with the new library project. For over four years now the Linden Flour Mill has lasted beyond the economic need for its services. Structurally sound, the building is a central historical feature of the town and to many of the residents represents one of the most typical aspects of the village.

The present Linden Library is overcrowded, situated as it has been above the old village hall and quite inaccessible, especially for older people. The empty mill building, the Library's need, added to the fact of the Village needing better office quarters, gave rise to the current project of remodeling the mill into a combined Library Civic Center. Plans were drawn by a very competent architectural firm in Flint, Michigan and the entire project will cost about $27,000, not counting the original value of the building.

The Village of Linden has contributed $8,000 and the Library Board $5,000. Individual gifts pledged and given to date total approximately another $4,000, leaving about $10,000 to be raised by individual subscription.

The Linden Library at the present time has nearly 5,000 volumes, with a circulation last year of 12,754 books.

It occurred to me that some of our members might like to help in even a small way with this worthwhile project for Dr. Bradley's home town, and if so, your contribution could be sent to Friends of the Linden Library, Box 555, Linden, Michigan, or they could be given to the writer and I will forward them on, having a receipt sent you from Linden. Certainly the cause is a worthy one, and I am sure Mrs. Judson, as well as Dr. Bradley, would be surprised and delighted to know of your interest. Incidentally, Dr. Bradley does not know that I am including this information in the Mail Bag.

* * *

One never knows to what far shoreline the waves of an idea will be carried. We have heard Dr. Bradley tell of the hospital founded by Dr. Marimer Mellon, at St. Marc, Haiti. Every year, at their annual banquet, attended by over a thousand delegates, the Dale Carnegie Alumni Association, composed solely of graduates of the Dale Carnegie Course in Effective Speech, Leadership Training and Human Relations, gives an International Good Human Relations Award. This year they have offered that award to Dr. Mellon and are awaiting word from him as to whether he will be willing to

come to Pittsburgh, where the Convention will be held this year, at the Pittsburgh Hilton Hotel, on July 1st, and receive the Award. The organization is non-partisan and non-sectarian, and Awards have previously been given to Dr. Preston Bradley, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Colonel Eddie Eagan, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, Mr. Murray D. Lincoln and Mrs. Dorothy Carnegie.

Dr. Bradley received a copy of the letter written to Dr. Mellon by Mr. Harold Van Cleave, Executive Director of Dale Carnegie Alumni Association, in which Mr. Van Cleave says: "Dr. Preston Bradley of the Peoples Church of Chicago, who received this Award in 1955, informs us that he has visited with you in Haiti and has seen the wonderful hospital you have built there. After reading Dr. Bradley's report of his wonderful visit with you and the people of Haiti, it was the unanimous decision of the Board to present our award to you in Pittsburgh, your home town.

"Perhaps you will find it possible to return to Pittsburgh this June, visit with your relatives and friends in the United States, and to be in Pittsburgh on July 1 for this special recognition and honor that is due you. Your response is eagerly awaited by all who are interested in you."

* * *

As these words are being written, we are looking forward to the Third Annual Art Exhibit for Uptown Chicago, which will be held in Anderson Hall on April 30th. The following exhibitors have already been heard from: Erwin W. Hobby, 708 Helles Ave., Joliet, Ill.—3 Tempera; Helen Anderson, 1515 Hollywood, Chicago—3 Oil; Alverna L. Nedeau, 4645 Kenmore Ave.—3 Tempera; Gerda Wohl, 5945 N. Greenview, Chicago — 3 Oil & Tempera; Stanley Feret, 3319 W. Evergreen, Chicago—3 Oil & Watercolor; Grace Goodall, 5216 N. Kenmore, Chicago—2 Oil; Rudy Ohrning, 3318 Wilder, Skokie, Ill.—3 Watercolor; Peggy Palmer Burrows, 5820 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago; Wendy Burrows, 5820 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago; Flora Raymond, 6816 N. Ridge Ave., Chicago; Mrs. Mae B. Alshuler, 717 N. Sheridan Road, Waukegan; Mrs. Sigrid Sutton, 1819 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago—2 Oil; Mr. Herbert Prauer, 1709 W. Carmen, Chicago — 3 Oil; Ethel Wells Smalley, 400 W. Deming, Chicago—3 Pastels.

More entries are being received daily. Some artists have not yet decided on the particular works to be exhibited.

Baroness Violet Beatrice Wenner, of 619 N. Michigan Avenue, will speak on "Putting Color and Rhythm Into Your Everyday Life."

* * *

Now let us open the Mail Bag.

From the Fine Arts Frame Company, came this interesting note:

Dr. Preston Bradley:

Just a short note to tell you that it has been a pleasure listening to you over the years. In fact, I was introduced to you as a boy by William Rainey Bennett in Elgin many years ago . . . 1934, I believe. I was an admirer of yours then and still am. Mr. Rainey encouraged me in more ways than one. I guess I was a pretty unhappy boy at the time. Rainey was right. It turned out years later that I had a number of natural talents (painting and sculpture). If Rainey were still alive today (is he?) I think he might be a little proud of me today. Also, I own and run the above business. Enclosed find a color-photo postcard of one of my paintings ("Our Lady of the Snows").

It would be fun sometime to see you once again.

The real reason for this note is the little legend you talked about this morning—about the birds and their wings. Who wrote it? It was beautiful. Would appreciate a short note in return in regard to the legend. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Michael San Fratello.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was by accident that I discovered your program on TV one morning, as I do not usually turn the TV on before leaving for work. But since I enjoyed the first program I have missed very few since—almost a month now. I have scheduled my early morning activities so I can listen to A Matter of Living.

The good "Common Sense" you spoke about is just what your program portrays each morning. It is down-to-earth living, with a good solid foundation which anyone could build on. You touched on one of my favorite subjects when you spoke about the disparaging remarks of a youth about a U.S. Senator. It is my opinion that youth picks up its discourtesies from elders. I also believe the future welfare of our country depends upon the awakening of the church, the home and the school.

There seems to be today less respect for the rights and property of others, less enthusiasm about God and country, less desire to uphold principle, a greater disregard for public trust, and, in fact, the matter of righteous living has been gobbled up by greed.

Your program is not clouded by cigarette smoke, which I also appreciate.

Meeting you would be a privilege. May it come to pass.

Sincerely,
Sidney M. Harris.

* * *

And now for a more personal letter again, here is one from a dear lady who is 91 years young—the widow of a minister:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I listened to your sermon this morning, and as usual I enjoyed what you said. I always receive help from your fine messages. Your enunciation is perfect; the music is always fine, too. I also heard Dr. Sockman, a Methodist preacher in New York. I receive inspiration from his messages. I am unable to attend church, being 91 years old.

I may have told you that I am the widow of Dr. C. F. W. Smith, who was a member of the Central Illinois Conference of the Methodist Church. He preached for nearly fifty years. He died fourteen years ago.

Enclosed is a little gift. Wish it were more. I pray you may be given strength for your many tasks; and that this may be a most successful year in your ministry.

Your sincere friend,
Minerva A. Smith (Mrs. C.F.W.)

* * *

From LaPorte, Indiana, comes a little tip to radio listeners:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am enclosing a check which is to be used for the Peoples Church of Chicago.

It is a good idea to remind the radio listeners that we should try and give a contribution once a month. We all enjoy your Sunday services, but it is so easy to forget to send in a Sunday offering when we are not in church. I only wish I had an FM radio so I could hear your Sunday Evening broadcast, as I know I would enjoy it as much as I do the morning one.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Esther Zarnekow

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Along with our best wishes, we send this little note.

We so very much enjoyed the service in your church a week ago today, and again today we listened to your service over the radio.

Dr. Bradley, that message inspired us so that we have written letters today, to many friends, and tried to continue your thoughts on to them.

You are a wonderful inspiration in our lives. May God let you continue your ministry for many years to come. I am sure there are millions who feel the way we do. God bless you and your work.

Most sincerely,

The George Ulmer Family,
by Lois Radke Ulmer, Horicon, Wis.

* * *

My dear Dr. Bradley:

A few weeks ago I attended services at your fine church. At the conclusion of a very fine sermon on Dr. Carver, of whom we Iowans are most proud, you mentioned something to the effect that you wondered if preaching was doing any good.

Let me say to you, Dr. Bradley, your words have been a great inspiration to me for many years. I am an alcoholic, dry now almost eight years through the Grace of God and the fellowship of AA. For the past five years I have been one of the sponsors of the AA program at the Iowa Men's Reformatory at Anamosa. In working with inmates and parolees I have come to learn the great problems they have in adjusting to life outside the walls. I think that your sermon on New Year's Day last was one of the finest for all of us who are, at times, full of fears—saying the word COURAGE out loud and over and over does just what you said it would do. I have told every prison group of AA's that I have talked before about this sermon of yours.

Keep the faith and keep the sermons rolling along. They sustain us all the way.

Kindest personal regards.

Charles Niles.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Listening to you this morning took me back so many years. Since the year that I first met my dear husband, 1921, I have kept a little daily diary. After this morning's service I looked in the dairy and under the date of Sunday, Oct. 10, 1926, was written "Paul and I went to dedication service at the new Uptown Temple, Peoples Church. Very beautiful building. Frank Barski went with us and came home with us to dinner." (Frank now lives in Fond du Lac, Wis.)

Now it is April 9, 1961, and I am grateful to you and the church for the influence you have had on my life and those dear to me. Such rich, full years, with all the ups and downs which come to every family. There was so much love and happiness, also troubles, heartaches and sorrow. But always hope for the future. You are a few years older than myself, as I will only be 66 this month. How wonderful for you that you have been able to see a dream come true, your church established, and knowing that you have helped countless numbers of people.

Several mornings past you spoke about "cause and occasion" on the ten o'clock radio broadcast. I do not seem to understand what you may have been trying to tell us. A good many years ago you preached a sermon in which you said, "Behold the Swastika rising," and as you said them they sent a chill down my back. There was no hint o

war then, but you did foresee it and you were trying to warn us of evil which was coming.

Young Paul and Rosemary expect their third baby late this summer. I am busy helping them whenever possible. And just for the record it is six years ago today that you married them in the Peoples Church. It has been a happy marriage and their children (Mark and Lisa, aged 4 and 2) are such dear grandchildren.

I hope you and Mrs. Bradley had a pleasant vacation and rest from your duties. I listened to the substitute pastors with interest, but there is something about your voice, which speaks from the heart, which I missed. It is good to have you return again.

Sincerely,
Josephine Leschuck.

* * *

Dear Doctor:

I had the privilege of hearing your Easter sermon yesterday and would very much appreciate a copy of this, particularly since we have experienced a tragedy in our family by the loss of a 35-year-old son in a traffic accident in November, and I feel the daughter-in-law in California would secure from your words a definite solace which my wife and I felt we acquired.

Perhaps at no time have we asked so many questions and sought more answers than now, and it was our feeling that your sermon came from a depth of experience that gave us unmeasured assurance; not that we had real doubts, but to hear it re-stated as only you seem able to do, we have gained a renewed strength.

Sincerely,
Don C. Johnson

We are publishing the sermon Mr. Johnson wanted in this number.

* * *

From Kenosha, Wisconsin, from the office of superintendent of The Kenosha Public Schools, came this interesting letter.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

May I again express our appreciation for the fine contribution which you made at the dinner meeting of our educational staff last evening. I have talked today with many who were present last evening and the concensus seems to be that you really "rang the bell!" We trust that we may again have the pleasure and privilege of having you meet with us in the not too distant future.

We have both lived long enough to discover that there are many things in life which money cannot buy. Not least among these is the good will, the esteem, and the gratitude of those with whom and for whom we labor. You have that in a most abundant measure.

You were "good medicine" for the staff—as a matter of fact and in view of many of the things which I have attempted to point up for them—I don't know how we could have been more fortunate in the choice of a speaker for the occasion you served. My sincere thanks and personal congratulations on a job well done!

With assurances of my continued esteem and with kindest personal regards, I am

Yours most cordially,
Harold R. Maurer, Supt.

The above letter refers to an address Dr. Bradley gave before some 400 school teachers. He always specially enjoys talking to the educators of the country, and the following day he spoke of his pleasure in this interesting engagement.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

(The following Funerals and Weddings were inadvertently omitted from our March Liberalist.)

FEBRUARY FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Dora Lyttle

3—Mr. Charles Louis Finefield

4—Mrs. Rose C. Handler

7—Mr. Theodore R. Heman

10—Mr. Arthur F. Kaitchuck

13—Mrs. Mary Albert

15—Mr. J. Wesley Jones

16—Mr. Randall W. Dugan
Minnie H. Giglio

17—Roy L. Arey

21—Joseph H. Meyer

FEBRUARY WEDDINGS

4—Bonnie Sinclair and Robert Broz

10—Ethel L. Robinson and Carl A. Tankred

11—Loretta Davis and Richard Feldman

11—Sandra Smith and John P. Hedger

14—Betty Tsuneda and Stephen Roake

19—Sue Katherine Peterson and
John Rolland Ristine

DR. BRADLEY'S MARCH ENGAGEMENTS

17—Arrived Home.
WFMF-FM

18—Wedding
Worked in Study

19—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Sunday Evening Forum

20—WFMF-FM
Address, Annual Meeting Illinois Masonic Hospital Association, Prudential Auditorium, Chicago
Worked in Study

21—WFMF-FM
Worked in Study
Cut records WFMF-FM

22—WFMF-FM
Address, Green Center Senior Citizens
Hospital calls

23—WFMF-FM
Friends Legislative Committee
Covenant Club
WLS conference
Hospital calls

24—WFMF-FM
Worked in Study

25—Worked in Study

26—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Sunday Evening Forum
Wedding

27—WFMF-FM
Opening Sermon, Holy Week, Erlanger Theatre

27—Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
Dinner, Midland Authors

28—WFMF-FM
Sermon, Erlanger Theatre
Cut records, WFMF-FM
Wedding
Friends of Literature Award Conference Dinner

29—WFMF-FM
Sermon, Erlanger Theatre
Sermon, Peoples Church

30—WFMF-FM
Sermon, Erlanger Theatre
Communion and Memorial Service, Peoples Church

31—WFMF-FM
Sermon, Erlanger Theatre
Sermon, Peoples Church

MARCH FUNERALS

16—Mrs. Florence Roth

MARCH WEDDINGS

18—Sally Mitchell and Richard D. Lovett

26—Louise E. Stoelks and Fairlee M. Sparks

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS.....11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast WEBH-FM.... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet..... 9:45 a.m.
There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. A special class for youth over high school age, under Walter Haize. Jack E. Kolinen, superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday (from 3rd Sunday in September to 2nd Sunday in June) New members welcome..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcements, or call SU 4-5173..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Monday, May 8th, Annual Spring Luncheon, Holiday Lodge, 4800 Marine Drive, $3.00. Catherine Emma soprano, and Richard Knoll, tenor. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley. Make reservations with church office before Friday, May 5th.....12:30 p.m.
Woman's Club meets September to May. 1st and 3rd Mondays. For summer contact, call Mrs. Harry J. Giffing, 4853 N. Wolcott St., SU 4-5021.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday, May 21st, closing dinner, Plentywood Farm. Church Road, Bensenville, $3.50 inc. tax and tip. 2:00 p.m. Send check with reservations to Winnie Jacobsen, 4451 West Montana (39) DI 2-7629 ..... 3:00 p.m.

Men's Club: Meets 4th Tuesday of each month, September to May..... 8:00 p.m.
Watch church calendar for May announcement. Corr. Sec., Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Ave., Chicago 18, ED 4-5998.

Great Books Course Class: First and third Tuesdays, May 2nd and 16th..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily.....10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service.....11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday..... 5:45 p.m.

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